

. SONNET XXXVI,



AND thus continuing with outrageous
fire, My sun, proceeding forward (to
my sorrow !), Took up his Court; but
willing to retire Within the Lion's
den, his rage did borrow.
But whiles within that Mansion he remained,
How cruel was PARTHENOPHE to me ! And
when of my great sorrows I complained,
She Lion-like, wished "they might tenfold be
!
Then did I rage ; and in unkindly Passions, I
rent mine hair, and razed my tender skin ;
And raving in such frantic fashions, That
with such cruelty she did begin
To feed the fire which I was burned in.
Can woman brook to deal so sore with
men ? She, man's woe ! learned it in the
Lion's den !

SONNET XXXVI I.



[Ux Pity, which sometimes doth lions move,
Removed my sun from moody Lion's cave ;
And into Virgo's bower did next remove His
fiery wheels. But then She answer gave
That " She was all vowed to virginity 1 "
Yet said, " 'Bove all men, She would most
affect me ! Fie, Delian goddess ! In thy
company She learned, with honest colour^ to
neglect me ! And underneath chaste veils of
single life,
She shrouds her crafty claws, and lion's
heart ! Which, with my senses, now, do
mingle strife 'Twixt loves and virtues, which
provoke my smart. Yet from these Passions
can I never part, But still I make my suits
importunate To thee ! which makes my case
unfortunate.